The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XL June 23, 1944 NUMBER 10

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*
Published at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—AS. 4-9689
Annual Subscription: U. S., $5.00; Canada and Foreign, $6.00
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Our Own Post-War World

WITHIN a day Senators heard two very serious pep-talks on the subject of insuring ourselves against economic disaster once this war's fighting is over. "Pep-talk" is certainly the right word to use, for neither Senator George's Post-War Economic Policy and Planning Committee report nor Mr. Byrnes, speaking before the Senate Military Affairs War Contracts Subcommittee, went any further than indicating the broad outlines of the legislation Congress should enact. It is true that Mr. Byrnes spoke in favor of the yet largely nebulous George-Murray Bill, which the New York *Times* describes as in process of "being drafted around the Baruch-Hancock post-war readjustment report issued last February."

The simple fact is that to date no branch of our government has done more than toy with the terrible difficulties with which peace will confront us. These difficulties are well summed up in Senator George's committee report, which once more cites the figures we have all heard so often before: "There will be between 57,000,000 and 58,000,000 persons in the post-war civilian labor market. . . . The highest peak of employment this country ever reached prior to 1941 was about 46,000,000 persons . . ." What happens to the other eleven or twelve millions? This is what might be called the "end-problem." It is complicated by the stupefying intermediate problem of terminating war production, re-establishing peace production, normalizing the vast dislocation in the present civilian labor market, pouring into that market the millions of service men now removed from it.

Of course it is ridiculous to suppose that sheer, detailed planning by any human being or group of human beings can solve this monstrous beehive of questions now, before the event. But it is an even greater folly to think either that some national good fairy or collective guardian angel will clear it up for us without our worrying out a minimum broad plan of policy, or that we can substitute for such a broad plan the white magic of analysis—convenient in an election year.

The whole matter resolves itself into two parts. (1) Reconversion to a peace economy. (2) Aiming that economy at full employment and abundance and the common good rather than at old fashioned liberal free enterprise.

Laying down the legislative outlines of reconversion, or demobilization, is the more pressing task, for within a foreseeable time large-scale contract termination will be upon us. Here Senator George's committee and Mr. Byrnes recommend much the same things; both stress the need of certainty, so that individuals may know where they stand. Both want an Office of Demobilization. Both want prompt termination and settlement of war contracts, an orderly disposal of surplus war property, unemployment compensation or insurance for those temporarily out of jobs, blueprinting now for public works and highways, relocation and retraining of war workers, a scheme for post-war taxation which will stimulate equity rather than security investment. For legislation on such matters there is instant need. Perhaps the George-Murray Bill, which has been so long aborning, will do it all in one swallow. If it does, no greater step could be taken to alleviate the disquiet now at the back of Americans' minds.

But reconversion is only the first step. It cannot be expected to take care of those eleven or twelve million surplus persons on our post-war civilian labor market. That remains the hardest nut to crack. It involves fresh approaches to all the problems of our civilization—moral and educational and political even more than strictly economic problems. It involves a rehabilitation of rural life, a resurgence of broadly-based initiative, a real denial of restrictive monopoly, not alone in the obvious field of business, but in science, art, charitable works, entertainment and—most important of all—in planning itself. Otherwise—and quite apart from everything we do on the level of international polity—another war will be the only solution to keep idle hands out of mischief and to feed the stomach of the machine.

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Labor Unions and Political Action

THE Smith-Connally Act put an end to much of the controversy as to whether labor unions could contribute to campaign funds. It prohibits such action. But that has not ended the matter. The emergence of CIO's Political Action Committee, headed by Sidney Hillman, and the defeat of some of CIO's political foes in recent primaries have revived the controversy. There has been ominous talk in anti-administration circles about a CIO political war chest of five million dollars. Mr. Hillman himself has just appeared before a special Senate committee which is investigating campaign expenditures.

The union's Political Action Committee maintains that the amendment to the Corrupt Practices Act, written into the Smith-Connally Act, refers specifically to actual elections, not primaries. Funds collected up to May 31 totalled $669,764; sums spent to that date amounted only to $189,112 and 85 percent of that went for traveling expenses, publicity and the like. The committee in its propaganda has stressed the importance of registering and voting, and in the coming electoral campaign it will focus on getting out the worker vote. Past experience indicates that by this means alone the CIO will automatically get votes for Mr. Roosevelt and other candidates favored by its leaders.

In any case fears over organized labor's funds for political activity seem highly exaggerated. Those business leaders who are consciously anti-labor can contribute personally up to $5,000 to support opposition candidates. As members of such organizations as the National Association of Manufacturers, the "Committee for Constitutional Government" and like-minded groups they can again exert contrary pressure. It is hard to see where anti-labor political forces have any legitimate kick. The only danger is that in the long run such political pressures will build up into dangerous class antagonisms. That is why the nation's labor and business leaders must be so far-sighted in this matter.

New Kind of Revolution

VERY little has reached American newspaper readers on the successful revolution which took place in El Salvador last month. And before that event is completely forgotten, it is worth pointing out that it was the result of a technique of political action that is virtually unique. When the dictator Martínez successfully repressed a violent uprising in the nation he had been ruling for a dozen years, he is reported to have aroused the people even further by the severity of his reprisals. A month later all of El Salvador (population: 1,704,497) went on strike. Work, transportation, everything stopped, and the dictator had to flee. Here is the way the *Criterio,* Catholic weekly of San Salvador, the capital, described the rebellion: "The most beautiful and admirable feature of this civic and patriotic movement is that the Salvadorian people in their entirety participated spontaneously and unanimously, without any class distinctions: rich and poor, professor and student, industry and labor, landowner and peasant, merchant and clerk, men and women, youth and even children. . . . The history of nations is full of revolutions, but we do not recall a single civic and patriotic movement which came to a head so spontaneously, without any sort of partnership, without personal or group interests, without hatred or violence, and without the instigation of professional politicians, or men with personal ambitions. . . ." (The *News Letter* of the Catholic Association for International Peace.)

The French Question

IN this issue the article "Return to France" counsels against the recognition of the de Gaulle Committee as a French provisional government. It goes beyond the question of de Gaulle and of his committee and faces the deeper question of the post-victory rôle of the resistance organizations within France. Whether these organizations propose the revolutionary control of France by the élites which have resisted German domination, or whether they will allow a gradual French reconstruction through the normal—and certainly confused—long-term democratic process, is the great question the French people will decide. It is not a question for Americans to decide. All that Americans may decide is that they will not bring into France with the Allied armies a decision which the French people must take.

But this does not mean that no heed should be paid to every and all complaints made by General de Gaulle. It does not mean that in refusing to recognize the Algiers Committee as a government we should refuse to recognize the intelligence of the Frenchmen associated in the movement. For instance, when these men fear that our armies will bring inflation to France no principles, no politics can serve to excuse our refusal to take their fears into account. We have seen what the immense combined spending power of the highly paid American soldiers meant to the civilian population of North Africa. It seems incredible that we are not taking measures to avoid a repetition of this injustice in France. Refusing to commit ourselves with General de Gaulle does not involve the necessity of refusing to listen to what he says; it does not involve discourtesy; most certainly it does not involve our taking action harmful to the French people. Of certain dangers it is only General de Gaulle who can warn us. In justice to France, his voice also must be heard.

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Photographs

WE LOOK at a city and then the war moves forward, and for a few days there are photographs in the newspaper of the conquered city, and then that city becomes something we do not have to look at any more. Rome fell, and already we are looking at the Norman villages. We were looking at Italian children and at the thin, drawn faces of the Italian mothers who held the children in their arms. Now already it is an American infantryman in France; two children are talking to him in the street of the French town. The French flag hangs from the town hall. Some of the houses are in ruins in the village street. There are gardens back of the houses but the houses are all joined together in the street; they all look closed; the street is deserted; there is only the American infantryman leaning to talk to the two children. We will see pictures of American soldiers in French towns for some time, and then the American infantryman will be leaning once again to talk to the children but the children will be German, and the houses and the street will look differently because they will be German.

The papers are still printing pictures of Rome; the correspondents are still in Rome. There is a new Italian Premier and although there is a revolution going on in the world there have been revolutions before, and the new Italian minister's name recalls the old revolutions which made the new nations of Europe. The young hopes of '48. The Italians write it Ivanoe, for Ivanhoe, and that is nothing to what they do to other foreign names they use. Ivanoe Bonomi. There was a time when Sir Walter Scott was read in Spain, in Italy, in France, all over Europe and, for reasons too complicated to explain, the romantic movement in literature inspired the revolutionary nationalist movements throughout Europe. Well, the correspondents are still in Rome because there is this new cabinet to watch, with a venerable socialist heading it, and the question in Italy, as in all of Europe, is to see what are the new political forces, and whether there can be any new political forces, and whether, if they exist, there will be a break with all the past. And of course there is still the war in Italy for the correspondents to watch. So that Eleanor Packard of the UP—the first girl in slacks ever to be received by the Pope—will be in Rome to watch the war and the politics; Mr. Matthews of the New York *Times*, who was thrown out of Rome by the fascists, is in Rome once more; all the American correspondents are back in the Foreign Press Association building, back in the bar of the Grand Hotel, back at Fedelinaro's eating in the evening with the noise of the water through the open door splashing on the dolphins of the fountain of Trevi and the spray from the water rising against the statues. We will have pictures of Rome for a time even though the front page pictures will be those of the places where the greatest numbers of our men are in the greatest danger.

There will be more pictures of the American soldiers fraternizing with the Swiss Guards at the gates of the Vatican. "Fraternizing" is a word that frightens all armies. There was some trouble of that kind in the other war, in 1917, in France, and again in 1939 there were all the stories about the French and German soldiers fishing quietly in the same waters at the front, but there is not much danger on the Vatican front. The Swiss Guards have lost their war with the Americans; they have been overwhelmed; the Vatican has been overrun by the Americans. When the Americans entered Rome, Eleanor Packard—in correspondent's uniform—could not get into Vatican City; no one in uniform could enter Vatican City. Harold Tittman, the American *chargé*, came forth to talk with Eleanor Packard in the secular streets. Nothing has changed, he said, no soldiers in uniform, no women in pants, have ever entered the Vatican; they will not enter now; that is the formula of propriety and neutrality. The irrepressible Americans, however, were not to be denied. And so there were the photographs of the Pope surrounded by correspondents who did not bother even to button up their shirts and put on a tie. The Swiss Guards have put away their machine guns; they no longer defend the gates against the enemy.

It will be recalled that Rome was taken only after the armies had marched through Sicily, and then after they had crossed the Tyrrhenian Sea, the Straights of Messina, and after they had progressed through Calabria, Lucania, the Neapolitan country—the Terra del Lavoro—Apulia, and into Lazio, and through the Alban Hills. The armies marched through the olive groves, through the orange groves which border the seacoast beneath the high Calabrian hills; the armies marched through the ruins of Paestum and through the ruins of Pompeii, and they must have wondered how ruins get so neat so soon; the armies marched through Gaeta, Cassino, Frascati, always forward, and they could not look behind them. There are no photographs being published of what the armies left behind them.

The correspondents who came North with the armies are not returning South to photograph what the armies left in their wake. The towns and villages had their chance to have their pictures taken when they were under bombardment and when they were occupied by the troops. But that was the end of the picture-taking.

It is like someone who only gets his picture in the paper when he dies.

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Return to France

A nation does not give itself to its heroes

C. G. Paulding

THE INVASION has changed everything. Before the invasion all you could do was to hold on to the simplest elements, and out of them build a picture of France. From time to time people broke through the barriers which surrounded France and came to London, to Algiers, to New York and talked about France. But that was not enough to give a picture of France, a consciousness of France, a French reality. When an American was abroad it was not enough for some American to come to him from America; the American emissary could not bring America with him. If an American abroad desired intensely to keep America in his heart no system of messengers could be of much help. If an American abroad were not to lose America he had to swim in no matter what Mediterranean, and then it would be as if he were swimming off Jones Beach, New York, off Catalina, California; it would be as if he were home again and not abroad.

And that is the way it was, in America, before the invasion, when an American desired intensely to keep France in his mind: the French roads, the cities, the bridges over the Seine in Paris, the night over France, the dawn over France, the seasons. When the dawn over New York colors the tall buildings it is the dawn touching the roofs of Paris; the leaves fall in Central Park and in the Tuileries; the ambulance drives through the gate into the courtyard at Bellevue Hospital and into the courtyard of the Hôtel Dieu in Beaune; a Negro child is born in a Harlem tenement and there is the first cry of a child in the Faubourg St. Antoine. If an American desired intensely to keep France in his mind the best book to read was a history of Inca civilization, or a love story in *Colliers,* or a treatise on plane geometry, or Shakespeare, or the Bible; the sport writers or T. S. Eliot—a fight in Madison Square Garden was a fight in the Vel d'Hiver.

To keep France in mind was to keep boredom in mind, heroism, and cowardice, street thugs, cops, nurses in the hospitals, grocery clerks, salesmen, pay day, life insurance, noon hour, time clocks, the man and wife who have been married for fifty years, the man in the country coming out into the fields in the morning, hoping for rain. To keep France in mind, the French people in mind, you had to put Germany out of mind—only for the moment but you had to do it first—with the fact that the French were conquered and oppressed. Because otherwise you would start thinking of saving a France which had no trees, no dust, no mud, no snow, no sun, no people. You would start thinking of creating a new France as if there had been a France before the war, before the defeat, as if there would be a new France after victory, but as if, meanwhile, there were only collaborationists, there was only the underground, there were only factions, there were only traitors and heroes; as if there were no more half blind old women mumbling their confused complaints about 1870, 1914, 1939, mistaking the grandson who is a prisoner in Germany for the husband who died on the Marne, for the father who surrendered at Sedan; as if there were no hungry children; as if no one had anything to do but decide whether he was a Gaullist or not.

That is the way it was before the invasion. When an American wanted to keep France in his mind he had to listen to the rumblings of his own digestion; he had to recognize his own fear of the police and the prowl cars, his own greed, his own indomitable lust, and let the virtues take care of themselves. He had to recognize that he would go, if drafted, and that there were a certain number of braver men who would go even if not drafted, and a certain number of bright boys who would go because they did not know what they were getting into. When an American considered his own navel, he realized that things were not simple, that heroism could not be the rule of life, that there were a lot of people at the movies and that he, and almost everyone he knew, hoped that the river would keep away from his door.

And now there is the invasion, the Americans are in France, the French people are still in France as always they have been in France, the Americans are fighting in France; the French people have the German police watching them; the war once again is in their villages, in their towns, in their cities. The battlefield is in France again. And now the Americans are with the French in France and there will not be any longer the need to think about the French at a distance. When the war is won, the Americans will be in France; the French will be there with the ruins of their country. We will send food to the French and we will

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watch the French start clearing the rubble from the streets; we will be there when the French soldiers from Italy, from Africa, from Corsica, from England have entered France, and when the prisoners in Germany have returned to France. We will watch the French counting their numbers, the woman standing on the doorstep awaiting the return of her husband. This time, or never, he will return. We will see the French, all the French who remain alive, in that first moment when they will take up the task of rebuilding a nation.

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Four years have passed since the fall of France, since a curtain fell between us and France, leaving the French people concealed to us, and leaving us concealed to the French people. So that for four years we have thought of the French people as best we could, with whatever means we could invent, with what divination we could possess, endeavoring to see them in such a way that when they become visible to us once more we would recognize them. For four years they have had to think of us, concealed also, in such a manner as to know us when we return to France.

There are a hundred versions of the old story, "Sailor's Return," but it is always the man who returns to find his wife, thinking her husband dead, with another man; and it is a sad and beautiful story when she does not recognize the sailor and he goes off again without telling her who he is because the happiness has been broken, anyway. But the sailor's return is an analogy only in this business about recognition. When the French people and the American people shall see each other again it will not be a question of Lafayette or of love. For four years the French people and the American people have sought not to lose a true vision of each other but the immense necessity for that search has not proceeded from any sentimental reason. The need for understanding has been the same as the need not to forget how to construct a triangle, how to navigate by compass, how to sow and reap. The need was that the world should not break apart into unrecognizable fragments.

There have been great obstacles in the way of this understanding. From America the defeated French could hear almost anything they cared or cared not to listen to. They heard many Americans say that the Germans had won the war, or that no one else could win the war, or that in case Russia won the war Europe would be lost anyway. Until Pearl Harbor—an event the French could not foresee—the French heard many Americans say that this was England's war, the Empire's war, and that England and the Empire were doomed. They heard Americans confirming the geo-political diagnosis put out by the Germans and accepting the thesis of the European revolution. Of course they heard also the voice of the interventionists. But until Pearl Harbor there was not, and there could not be, any single authorized American voice which could affirm to the French that America would enter the war.

One would look at the stars and it was not possible to know by what scale to gauge them against fireflies, against the flickering lights above the tombs in the dark night over the graveyards. There was a storm over America, but there was no way by which the French, at so great a distance, could tell whether the flash they saw was of lightning, or whether it was from the flash bulb of a photographer illuminating only the legs of a girl getting off the Hollywood plane. While the storm was over America they could not know—they were far away—the Americans themselves could not know that the rain fell on the land, the rivulets were running into the brooks, the brooks into the streams, the American rivers into the sea of war. There was great confusion in America, and ever since we entered the war we have been explaining that this confusion—the struggle between the interventionists and the non-interventionists—was legitimate in a democracy and was justified.

The Americans listened to the voices that came from France. They heard the Marshal's voice proclaiming defeat. Marshal Pétain said we are beaten; we must do what we can. But then he said we deserved to be beaten; we must expiate. More and more his voice became incoherent and fevered; he mixed the ideas of Catholicism with the idea of defeat; all sorts of private virtues were nationalized; the whole nation was personified as a penitent.

Lucidly and deliberately, Laval, Déat, Doriot, associated France's future with Germany's future, in a rational Europe. France, they said, could no longer dominate Europe, but France could not withdraw from Europe, France could not be forever a European bridgehead for British armies or for American armies. Twice in a generation France had been a battleground. Victory or defeat did not matter. France lost through victory as through defeat. As for the Americans they had arrived in 1917 when France already had lost too many men; they might arrive again in 1944 but defeat could not be reversed, defeat was impressed on France, and the Americans would only complete the ruin of the French land; if they came they would destroy what was left to destroy, pass where the German armies had not passed, leave nothing standing. It would be better, Laval said, for Europe to present an united front, and hope for a negotiated peace. Something might be saved that way. In any case the future—barring the improbable extermination of all Germans—required the collaboration of France and Germany, the abolition of an antagonism which in

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effect had exposed—and if persisted in would continue to expose—Europe to domination from without. There was Russia too. There were the British and the Americans, and one could seek an abnormal association with them, one could subordinate France to their interests and hope that France might be protected by them. That was what one had thought in 1914, and again in 1939, but one could not keep on thinking that way indefinitely, because there would be no France left to protect, no France left alive—only a diminished, depopulated and ruined land.

There were these voices which proclaimed defeat and sought a solution based on defeat. Pétain asked only to be left alone, that France be left alone or rather be permitted to retire as a penitent into voluntary solitude. Laval knew that France could not be left alone, that no nation in Europe could or should be left alone; he sought for France a place in the new European system.

But there were other voices which reached America from France. They spoke a secret language; it was easier to know what it meant by watching the acts of the men who spoke it. The Germans themselves published to the world what these men did. They died. They died to make it clear to Americans that they did not accept defeat, that they did not accept the plan for an united Europe under German domination, that they did not accept any plans of national revolution, or of international European solidarity, which had defeat as premise, that they did not accept the presence of Germans in France. They died, but not before they had transmitted to other men and to other women the determination for which they died. The resistance movement did not die.

The French could not see a clear picture of America until America came into the war. Americans could not see a clear picture of France because the French in defeat were divided on the question of accepting defeat. But this confusion in France was only superficial; it came from men's differing judgment of facts and possibilities—as the pre-war confusion in America came from a difference of opinion as to whether America could maintain its independence and position in the world without entering the war. Both in France and in America there were few men who did not seek to further the national interest. Because no nation once constituted desires to disappear. Interventionists and non-interventionists in America represented the active extremes of agitation and purpose; the great mass of Americans awaited the orderly process of governmental decision. And in France the great mass of the French people shared neither in Pétain's renunciation, nor in Laval's cold planning for collaboration, nor in the extreme heroism of the underground movement. The great mass of the French people awaited events, hoped for freedom. The confused image that the French had of America, and Americans of France, came because they concentrated their interest on the men who spoke for America and who spoke or died for France.

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A nation is not an individual. A man will bet on this or that to win or to lose. As long as it is possible a man will live on his salary, but a situation may arise in which he must take a risk, and then he will bet and he will win or lose. A nation which has no freedom, a nation which has lost its freedom to a dictator, will bet everything on one throw, as Italy bet everything on a German victory. But a nation which has freedom will not bet everything on one throw. A nation which has freedom of public opinion—France and America never lost that freedom—will act scientifically. Facing an involved series of possibilities, probabilities and facts, such a nation proposes a series of hypotheses. It does not, in proposing these alternate and contradictory plans to meet alternate and contradictory situations, back any one of them with the total national will or the total national consent and desire. It delegates—but they are self-appointed—men and movements to support each plan. There are delegates for every conceivable attitude. Unless there is a dictatorship they do not engage the nation. When their diagnosis of the situation is proved wrong by the facts then they are sacrificed; especially when their diagnosis is in disharmony with the main national current of emotion and is at the same time repudiated by the facts, they are not only sacrificed—they are hated, they are traitors.

That is, of course, the situation in which Laval, Doriot, Déat and Darnand and the Legion now find themselves. Had Germany won the war these men never would have had their despairing and broken nation's gratitude. Yet, in that case, they would have saved something of France. Very little perhaps. It is useless now to speculate. The point is that it is impossible not to see that they represented a natural element in the leadership of a defeated nation.

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The resistance movement also represented a natural element in the leadership of a defeated nation. This is not the place to elaborate on the sympathy we feel for the resistance movement. In the scheme of this article the resistance movement represents that plan and that action adopted by a conquered nation to meet the hypothesis of an Allied victory, a German defeat. It must be repeated that I am not suggesting that democracies such as France and America coldly prepare a Machiavellian counter-insurance, re-insurance, against any possible event. The men of the resistance could not have been the men of collaboration. They were single-minded and in the eyes of

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their compatriots, as in our own, their bravery and sacrifice, their obstinacy in the dark hours, and their endurance, could be nourished only by the noblest faith in their nation's indestructibility. In their minds was no cold calculation. Rather than counting on an Allied victory these men forced events themselves. And though I maintain that they are the counterpart of the collaborationists, I do not claim for the latter any equivalent nobility of purpose; but I do claim an equivalence in function. The French nation had delegates who accepted defeat and who schemed some sort of existence for France in a German Europe; the French nation had delegates who refused the possibility of a German Europe, of defeat, and who stood against the appearance of the facts even when this appearance seemed conclusive. These were the two extreme attitudes taken by delegates of the French nation determined to endure.

A middle course of undeniable devotion to the common good was shown by great numbers of Frenchmen who sought merely to preserve some sort of administrative continuity by serving the only French government there was to serve. They served in the government, but they were not the brutes who enforced anti-Semitism, they were not pro-German, they did not wilfully deliver their compatriots to the German police, they did not tell the French that the defeat had made possible a new and more wonderful France. They were men of routine—but not for that reason despicable. They acted on the governmental, administrative and military plane; they were the brothers of the French workmen who could not see their families starve, they were of the same family as the postmen, the railroad workers, the men and the women in the fields, the baker, the doctor. Non-political, if you like; the body of the nation, that is all.

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We are now entering France and the de Gaulle people from Algiers will soon be entering France, whether we recognize them or not as a Provisional Government. In France the resistance movement has still before it untold agonies to endure. The men and women of the resistance will have a great claim on our gratitude and on France's gratitude. They are our immediate allies in the dangers they and we face together. It would be natural for us to say to them that they are France and that France is all theirs to govern. With de Gaulle or without de Gaulle. It would be natural for us to say that whatever organization they have created is to become the organization of their country. I do not know what fortunate wisdom has prevented our saying this to them already.

For it is the rôle of these delegates of France to accomplish their mission and then to return into the body of the French nation. The more notorious collaborationists cannot return; the more notable members of the resistance must return. A discussion of the relationship between General de Gaulle and the resistance movement in France is irrelevant here. I concede that he has the mandate of the majority, but not of all the organized resistance groups. For practical purposes recognition of the de Gaulle movement as a provisional government would mean recognition of the resistance movement as a provisional government. It would mean recognition of an élite. The dictatorship of an élite. With a parliament, of course, and a republic, the Fourth Republic; but with a parliament of selected members and a republic into which could enter only those Frenchmen who could prove their qualifications. It would mean subjecting France to a new plan enforced and administered by a new personnel. It would mean that there would be in France certain privileged citizens, the members of the resistance movement—and the other citizens, the second-class citizens, the administered.

It is reported that de Gaulle sought to appoint a new Mayor for Bayeux, the first town liberated by the invasion. Through what blindness does this man, who has said all along that France still lives, act now as if France were dead? Cannot the people of Bayeux, as they have always done, elect a Mayor? If the French people, if all the French people vote once again in freedom, with the Germans expelled, is it de Gaulle's idea that they will vote wrong? Who when Germany is defeated will be the enemy in France? Why this desire to take precautions by entering France with a government? Why not return in all simplicity as a soldier fighting?

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If France is a great nation France will show a certain ingratitude to the élites of the resistance movement, and to the Gaullists who return to France from abroad. A great nation always is ungrateful to the delegated heroism it projects; a great nation always is ungrateful to its soldiers. When it is not ungrateful it gives itself to its soldiers, to its heroes.

France will do what it will do; Americans cannot foretell what it will do; their advice is not sought. But Americans hope that France will not permit the establishment of government by an élite, by no matter what élite, after no matter what services. American soldiers are returning to France; they will see the ruined French land and the French people free once again but exhausted. If that freedom is to be mistrusted, if that freedom is to be organized, instructed, directed and controlled, if that freedom is to be only the freedom to follow a leader, Americans, at least, will be able to say to the French people this misfortune has not come to you with our connivance.

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National Health Service for Britain

HILDE FITZGERALD

THE BRITISH health services have long been in need of a thorough overhaul. Mr. Lloyd George's National Health Insurance Bill, which had a stormy passage through Parliament in 1911, was never more than a partial measure supplying most of the employed population with some medical essentials such as home doctor, medicines and certain limited extras in the form of cash, but not with a specialist and hospital service. The families of the insured remained outside the scheme, with the result that millions of people with limited means either remained without medical care altogether or resorted to a variety of private, charitable or public agencies. During the inter-war years the health activities of local authorities were much expanded in order to fill in some of the many gaps left by the compulsory insurance scheme, and voluntary organizations, particularly in regard to the care of mothers and children. In this piecemeal way a sprawling network of uncoordinated services has developed through which the average citizen cannot possibly find his way and which involves a tremendous wastage and much duplication of effort.

Even before the present war, plans for improvement were widely discussed in medical and non-medical circles, but when during the past few years ideas on post-war reconstruction began to occupy people's minds, the problem was considered in greater detail by numerous public bodies including political parties. With the publication of the Beveridge Plan the matter reached a new stage. One of the assumptions of the plan was "comprehensive health and rehabilitation services for prevention and cure of disease and restoration of capacity for work, available to all members of the community."

As a first step toward a social security scheme the Government has now published a White Paper on a national health service. It has been a pleasant surprise to many sceptics of the Left, who had been looking forward to it with some apprehension. Its publication had been originally promised for last July but trouble had been brewing behind the scenes during last summer's confidential negotiations between the Minister of Health and the medical profession, some of which had leaked out. It was feared that the Government's more comprehensive plans might have been watered down under pressure from the medical interests.

True, the present scheme is an elaborate compromise, but its main principles and declared objectives are sound.

The question "100 percent or 90 percent" has long been a test to distinguish the progressive from the conservative view. Should the public service be for all or only for those within the present national health insurance income limits and their dependents, e.g., 90 percent of the population? The remaining "Upper 10" would then be reserved for the profession as private patients buying at a price more than their share of doctors' time and attention and stamping the public service as "second class" from the beginning. The Government has stood firmly on the "100 percent" principle.

The second question concerned the extent of the service. Should it be "comprehensive" and include everything from general practitioner to hospital, or should it be limited to certain essentials and the patients compelled to pay for whatever was outside this scope? The Government states that a complete health service, ranging from the promotion of health to the prevention and cure of disease and all that it implies, should be available to the whole people.

The third problem was that of finance. How should it be paid for and who should pay for it? It is proposed that it should be free of charge to all and paid for by local and national taxation. In addition, a small proportion of the future social security contribution will be included in the funds. There will be no means test and no income limit. There will be no exemption of payments for those who do not want to use it.

In future it will be a public responsibility to provide the service. As distinct from the present state of affairs, when the provision of hospitals, for instance, is "many people's business but nobody's full responsibility"—as the White Paper describes it—it will be made "somebody's clear duty" to see that all medical facilities are available to all and that a better geographical distribution of the existing resources is brought about. Today the highest number of doctors per head of the population is where people can pay the highest fees, and not in those poor areas where health standards are low and many doctors are needed. A Central Medical Board, appointed by the Minister of Health in consultation with the medical profession, will be in charge of the general practitioner services throughout the country, and a doctor who wants to take over an existing practice or start a new one will require the consent of the Board, which may be refused if a sufficient number of doctors is already practicing in the area.

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It is, however, mainly in general practice and in regard to the question of health centers that compromises have been made. "A high place in the scheme" is to be given to the trial of the health center method of general practice, but it

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will be left to the initiative of county and county borough councils to provide health centers if they wish, and to get the consent of the Minister for their plans. There is no general duty for local authorities to establish health centers, and in future the reactionary or progressive character of a local authority may well be judged by the absence or existence of health centers.

Doctors who work in health centers will be employed on a salaried basis because, as the White Paper points out, it is a fundamental principle that doctors working together as a team should not be in competition with each other for patients. This is one of the provisions in the scheme which has been specially welcomed in progressive circles. However, doctors will be free to practice either in health centers at salaries or in separate practice, when they will be paid by an annual capitation fee for each patient on their list as at present. If they practice in a group outside a health center, they may choose the method of remuneration themselves. All doctors in the public service will be permitted to carry on private practice in addition to their work under the scheme, but the number of public patients a doctor will be permitted to accept will be reduced in accordance with the amount of his private work. The buying and selling of practices outside health centers will be permitted.

It is here that the main concessions have been made to the more reactionary elements in the medical profession. Nobody objects to the continuation of private practice for those who prefer it to the public service, but the opinion is widely held that a doctor should have to choose between public and private practice and not be allowed to combine the two. Here the two-class system of medical care is given a possibility to survive even under the new scheme. In their health plan published last year the Labor Party put the case clearly.

> The service should be full-time. Suppose that it were not full-time but that the doctor was partly employed in private practice. Either his service for the state would be just as thorough and conscientious as his service when treating fee-paying patients as a private doctor, or else his standard would differ. If patients could get his full attention, however, without paying a fee during half the day, they would hardly go to him during those hours when a fee would be charged. It would be intolerable that his service as a state doctor should be less adequate than the service rendered for private fees.

The Manchester *Guardian,* in its leading article on the White Paper, expressed the view that in the proposals regarding general practice "sound democratic principle has been most severely strained in deference to tradition, prejudice and honest misgivings" and goes on to say:

> So long as the medical profession insists on taking advantage, individually as well as collectively, of the right here conceded to straddle the fence between public service and private practice, it will be impossible to achieve that full integration of the health services which the B.M.A. itself desires.

A similar concession as in the case of general practice has been made in regard to voluntary hospitals. They, too, are free either to stay outside or to join the services. If they do, they will have to conform to certain general conditions but be allowed to remain autonomous units. They are encouraged to retain their voluntary status which can only be done by emotional appeals to public charity which are out of place and bound to be less and less effective in an age when public service has replaced individual benefaction.

As regards administration, the powers of the Ministry of Health are considerably strengthened, which will make for unification of the service. Centrally as well as locally health services councils composed of representatives of the health professions will provide the authorities with expert advice. They must be consulted on all important matters concerning the service and can offer advice whenever they think it is required. Joint authorities consisting of representatives of several smaller local authorities will be formed to plan the complete services for larger areas and to administer the hospital and specialist services. In addition, duties are allocated to a great number of authorities at various administrative levels. The administrative structure of the scheme is by no means as unified as one would wish it to be, but the complicated pattern is mainly due to the fact that local government in general is in urgent need of reform and the establishment of the health services cannot be delayed until this difficult task is achieved.

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It is one of the advantages of the scheme that where concessions have been made to "tradition and prejudice," it leaves the door ajar to progress and reason if only they assert themselves and push it open. If those local authorities which are controlled by Labor regard the establishment of well-equipped health centers as a matter of first-rate importance and demonstrate to the public their advantages over the old-fashioned individual surgery, much will be achieved. There should be no difficulty in recruiting first class medical men, particularly among the younger doctors, who are ready to accept salaried appointments. The Government will provide compensation for loss of capital invested in medical practice in such cases. Many doctors in the Forces who have no practices to which to return and no vested interest to defend, will only be too glad to reenter medical practice without facing the commercial issues usually involved. If the progressive forces in the country insist on utilizing the possibilities offered by the Government plan, and if the public service succeeds in setting the standard for all medical service, private practice will be doomed in the end.

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Much will depend upon the forthcoming negotiations and discussions and how deeply public opinion can be roused to prevent the present proposals from being watered down. Medical reaction is already on the war path against the White Paper. The British Medical Association knows that it cannot reject the plan out of hand without arousing public anger against the whole medical profession. They have given it what they call a "cautious welcome" and at the same time registered objection against some of its salient points. In addition, a delaying action has started on the whole front. They want negotiations to be postponed until July when they will have ascertained the views of all their members. Their Acting Secretary, Dr. Charles Hill, has issued a warning that the earliest date when the service could be started—but only to a limited extent—would be twelve months after the end of the war.

It is clear that a stiff fight is ahead. People will remember 1911, when the British Medical Association opposed Lloyd George's national health insurance scheme, which was a progressive measure at the time. But the doctors were defeated. Today it is the B.M.A. which clings to the existing insurance scheme, by now out of date, and opposes a universal service. Very likely the doctors will be defeated again.

Two Poems

Whom Time May Meet

I can not think of anything so dead
As a silenced factory and a silenced street
Mapping it with nightness and hatred said
By any passerby whom time may meet;
Whom time may meet walking down the street
Inquisitively eyeing impolite death
That stood here once, that shadow-walked with
Honor and gusto and hatred and love.

I can not think of anything so dead
As this dead factory that I'm thinking of.
I am like a man unlearned, unread,
Alarmed by shadows and things that die;
By ghostly machinations of ghosts going by.

ALBERT CLEMENTS.

Love Gifts

Wind has no form for eyes to see
And envies the deep-rooted tree.
Trees have no voice, nor wings to soar,
And welcome wind as visitor.
In their arms he finds a form;
They learn dancing in the storm
And lifting up their hearts rejoice . . .
They his body, he their voice.

DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS.

Communications

SINARQUISM

Orleans, Mass.

TO the Editors: "A Note on Sinarquism" is by far the best and most dispassionate account of the true nature of Sinarquism that I have read in either the secular or religious press. It is not an easy idea or movement to analyze as I discovered when I first looked closely into Sinarquism in Mexico in 1942. By its very nature—Mexican, persecuted, idealistic, secretive—Sinarquism is bound to confuse the North American mind and its constant tendency to oversimplify, so that the Leftist press has damned it almost continually and that naïve section of the Catholic press which constantly whitewashes anything with the label Catholic, as continually praises it. It is hard to get the truth.

Although the origins of Sinarquism were violent, I think that until recently their tenets of non-violence were sincerely held. Sinarquism, as not even THE COMMONWEAL mentioned, originated in an "anti-Communist" group called *Batallón de Choque,* or Shock-Troop, which the German agent Helmut Schreiter was largely instrumental in forming in 1936. For reasons still obscure, and after Schreiter's departure from Mexico, the group expanded, changed its name and adopted a platform that, by its very wording, indicated their sincerity.

So that the danger from Sinarquism does not lie, except very remotely, in its origins so much as in its present form. The most terrible manifestation of the evil of our times lies not in the conscious intention of a group or individual to do evil intentionally, but in the slow and subtle perversion of what was intended originally to be beneficent.

Such is the danger from Sinarquism and I do not think I am forcing an allegory when I say that this possibility—tendency?—was demonstrated very graphically to me in December, 1942, by the following incident. I arranged to attend a closed meeting of Sinarquists in Mexico City. It was held in a high, narrow patio behind locked doors and was attended by several hundred men, most of them peasants from the back-country. When I entered the meeting, the audience was sitting quietly and listening to a speaker on agrarian problems. The speaker was also seated, which I thought rather unusual at a meeting of that many people, and particularly of that many Mexicans. Perhaps naïvely, I was struck by this general impression of quietness and apparent lack of emotionalism. Then, a little later, Salvador Abascal came into this particular meeting from his exile in Baja California. His mere presence, the fleeting glance caught of him as he moved along the side of the patio and to stairs leading to an office, was sufficient to bring the entire meeting roaring to its feet. And Abascal was one of the founders of the Batallón de Choque, admittedly the movement's most dangerous leader, and in exile largely because our Embassy thought it best that he be in exile.

I truly think that the original intention of Sinarquism—not of the Batallón de Choque!—was a good one. And I just as truly now feel that the movement, so large, so formless, so frustrated in its individual memberships, is

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dangerous. Its very size has made it arrogant, as size makes anything arrogant, and arrogance and non-violence are hardly things that can exist for very long in the same group.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

CORRECTION

Wales.

TO the Editors: My article called "Christian Revolutionaries" appeared in your pages already some weeks ago, but there was such a misleading misprint in it that it seems worth while to point it out.

Your printer made me say of a book about G. K. Chesterton: "an essay compounded of intense appreciation and acute optimism (more of which would have so increased the value of Maisie Ward's authoritative biography)." What I actually wrote was not *optimism* but *criticism*.

And again, on the following page, not *distinguished ideas* but *distinguishing ideas*.

Perhaps I ought to take this opportunity of saying that, in the fairly numerous articles I have been privileged to contribute to THE COMMONWEAL during the past five years, always without seeing a proof, misprints have been very rare indeed. I salute the editors and the printers—and I wish that all others were like them.

DONALD ATTWATER.

CHRONICLE OF DAWN

Amherst, Mass.

TO the Editors: In Paule Berault's critical review (May 26) of my book "Chronicle of Dawn" it is said with a care for exactitude that any reader will esteem and which I myself admire that there is in my book an anachronism because, when speaking of the forces that ordered—as they say—the confinement of the Spanish republicans in the French concentration camps I say the "Senegalese of Pétain." The critic Paule Berault would prefer that I say: "the Senegalese of Daladier" or "of Reynaud." But I am sure that if I said it I would fall into the injustice of accusing two men who are suffering imprisonment under German bayonets and who therefore deserve our respect for errors that are entirely in the spirit of the French policy that was already presiding morally, and that Marshal Pétain continues presiding over practically today.

It was that spirit of treason to the French nation that immediately expanded until culminating in the delivering of the country to the Germans that determined the policy of France, with regard to the Spanish republican emigrés. The presumed Catholicism of Pétain cannot extenuate his responsibilities before and after the surrender of France. If the weakness of Reynaud made possible the persecution of the Spanish democrats, the deliberate and meditated and voluntary treason of Pétain made said persecution cruel and bloody and extended it to French patriots. To say the "Senegalese of Pétain," referring to the cruelty and barbarism and stupidity of the pro-nazi French, is as just as to say the "Moroccans of Franco" when speaking of "pro-nazi" Spain, too.

Furthermore Pétain was in Madrid where he prepared with Franco and the Germans the surrender of France and where he learned to take refuge in the generosity of the Church in order to denaturalize politically his most censurable attitudes. The Catholics—who one day represented liberty in the history of Europe and America—cannot be today the accomplices of those confusions. It was the Senegalese of Pétain in 1939 and it is today, as it was Pétain who in 1939 and in Madrid prepared the catastrophe of France and who from Vichy, shortly afterward, took from French soil still not occupied by the Germans, respectable Spanish Catholic republicans, who were then imprisoned—and some of them shot—by Franco.

Historical truth is not to be feared and still less when it is believed to live in the absolute truth of a faith. Pétain was the guilty one before the war, during it and afterward. The responsible one was that limping France which Spanish democrats censure and some combat with arms. For the Daladiers and Reynauds one can have only the respect deserved by those who, having made a mistake, voluntarily incorporate themselves in the fate of their own victims.

RAMON SENDER.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Mr. Sender's protestations are aimed at clearing up confusions. I still persist in believing that chronological errors, even when they are deliberately made and intended to be taken in a symbolic sense, do not make for clear thinking. I therefore make the following simple points:

(1) It is because of horror for the Vichy régime and for its affectation of Catholicism that I, a Catholic, left my country.

(2) From the start of the Spanish War my sympathies were for the Spanish republicans, among whom I have many Catholic friends.

(3) Precisely because of this sympathy for republican Spain I condemned and condemn the cowardice shown by the French republican government of the period; a Popular Front government brought into power by the 1936 elections for a period of four years and the majority of whose personnel consequently was, in 1939, still in power.

(4) The men at the head of the French Government were in a better position than was anyone else to know and to prevent the acts and the ambitions of the Cagoulards, of Pétain, and of the Catholic Baudoin. Not only were the intrigues of these groups and of these men not repressed, but it was Mr. Reynaud himself who brought Marshal Pétain into his cabinet.

(5) Never has subsequent heroism and imprisonment compensated for having failed previously in political intelligence and courage.

In conclusion I beg Mr. Sender to believe that Catholicism and Pétainism in my view, as in fact, are two totally distinct attitudes; that the complexity of my country's recent history is as clearly realized by myself

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as by any foreigner; and that historical truth has nothing to fear or lose through respect for chronology.

PAULE BERAULT.

PUERTO RICO

Central Aguirre, Puerto Rico.

TO the Editors: I found the article by Father Trese on Puerto Rico one of the best I have read for some time. It covers many phases of life on the Island in a very good and intelligent manner. It is quite different from some of the papers written by visitors who have come to the Island, seen the slums and the Eleanor Roosevelt Housing Project, and departed.

There are some discrepancies which I would like to call attention to. First of all, Father Trese makes the same mistakes that so many writers have in the past, i.e., leaving the impression that the whole Island is one continual slum holes. There are other sections besides "El Fanguito" (spelled Fonguito in the article) and "La Perla," which are our most noted slum areas. There is the Condado, Ocean Park, Floral Park, Canturce, Miramar, and many others. Quiet, clean sections inhabited by the middle class as well as the wealthy. I do not agree with Father Trese that Puerto Rico has a very limited middle class.

Our slum areas have been publicized so much that the whole continent pictures us as skipping from puddle to puddle to keep our white suits clean. A friend of mine who is associated with the USO here, recently returned from a visit home, and she tells me that everywhere she went she was asked about the horrible conditions. Everyone pictured her as living in the most horrible surroundings. They couldn't imagine a clean spot on the Island.

There is a way to help the slum area known as "El Fanguito." Some years ago a project was started to surround this area with a three-foot wall of stone, to keep out the tidal waters and fill in the holes with crushed rock. Now this wouldn't make a project to show the Washington Visitors, and they wouldn't find anything to exclaim "mucho bueno, how wonderful," about, but it certainly would help those 7,000 families to have a drier place to live in. Streets could be laid out, and water supply improved, baths and toilets and sewerage systems installed, and it wouldn't cost anywhere near as much as some slum clearance projects. But our bureaucrat officials in charge of public expenditures in the past couldn't see this. There had to be something fine and nice to show for the expenditure.

Regarding the citizenship rights of Puerto Ricans, it is not the same as any other American. Puerto Ricans who live in the United States enjoy equal rights, but those who live here on the Islanl have what we know as "90 percent citizenship." They do not enjoy the right to vote for the President, nor do they have equal representation in Congress. They elect a Resident Commissioner who sits in Congress as an observer, and who suggests and fights, but who has no vote. Also Puerto Ricans are subject to the 30 percent withholding tax on investments, including War Bonds, which is deducted from their dividend checks, and will be deducted from their War Bonds when the maturity date comes around.

If Governor Tugwell is really interested in bringing out the savings of millions of dollars that lie idle in the banks, he and his associates certainly go about it in a funny way. The program he has endorsed and pushed during his stay here doesn't entice savings for investment in local industry, it drives it to the mainland. And there has been plenty driven to the mainland in the past few years. Ask the Governor of Florida, for an example. The bill proposed by Ramos Antonini in the last legislative session, and which did not pass, thank God, to increase the Income Tax payments (Bill No. 11), certainly doesn't give the impression that the Tugwell Group are trying to entice private savings out of the "old sock" for investment in private industry.

Father Trese used the wrong tense of the verb to be, when he speaks about the needle work industry. He should have said "was" instead of "has long been." When the American Labor Group saw to it that Puerto Rico was included in the Minimum Wage and Hour Law on the same basis as labor in the States, the needle work industry took a nose dive, and while it still exists, it is nowhere near as thriving an industry as we knew it in the old days. The Sugar Industry was big enough to absorb that increased wage cost, but how long it can continue to absorb these increasing costs is a question. Had the Labor Group seen to it that a clause was included whereby the minimum wage for Puerto Rican labor would be put into effect, based on local conditions, perhaps Puerto Rican labor might have benefited by the measure.

Let us not be fooled with the idea that new industries will solve the problems of Puerto Rico. The possibilities are very limited. Today on the continent industry is moving toward sources of supply of raw materials, as the cotton factories leaving New England for the South. Cheaper labor costs may offset transportation of raw materials to Puerto Rico, but you can bet your last dollar that the American Labor Group will not tolerate any infringement on their domain. When they see that Puerto Rico with its cheaper labor is taking industry away from the continent, they will find some means to prevent it. Industries that supply local consumption will thrive, but these industries will be extremely limited.

I do not know whether Father Trese was taking a "pot shot" at the "donations" by the Federal Government, when he mentions "shots in the arm," to sustain the Sugar Industry. It has been the custom recently for all to consider Puerto Rico as a "hand out" station for Uncle Sam. Let any state in the Union that is without sin, cast the first stone. What state can stand up and say that it hasn't sold its birthright to the Federal Government, for a pot of gold. The Federal encroachment on States' Rights during the past twenty-five years has gone forward at a terrific rate. If there is a state with a clean slate I'd like to know it.

Lastly, I resented the adjective "impoverished" used by the Editors in announcing the forthcoming article by Father Trese. Just at that time the legislature was discussing a possible budget of close to fifty million dollars for the year. Fifty million dollars among a population

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of two million—does that sound like "an impoverished possession." Remember that fifty million was to be raised by local taxes.

I sincerely hope that the Editors will continue to publish articles about Puerto Rico. There are hundreds of subjects to discuss before the continental American will know what life is all about down here. Let us hear from Puerto Rican leaders and writers. We have heard the continental points of view too much of late.

LEO R. O'NEILL.

Mr. O'Neill seems to voice the viewpoint of a number of leading American business men in Puerto Rico. It is worth knowing how they think. There is a certain resemblance here to a kind of opposition to Federal planning which many business men in the United States proper have long since modified. Despite our disagreements with Mr. O'Neill we welcome his suggestion that native Puerto Ricans be induced to publish in this country the solutions which they recommend for improving conditions on the Island.—THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

That Old Devil

THERE was of course only one thing going on last week—the Invasion of France—and for once, I wish I were a journalist rather than a weeklyist so that I could have dispensed with this latest Broadway bungle immediately, before the grand news broke. Over a great many years evidently, J. C. Nugent has earned loyalties and money as an intrepid showman; however, I can only believe he will find his present effort expensive on both scores. Dealing with the faky philanders of a little old husband in suburban Connecticut, the piece is slow, sordid, poorly acted, offensive on every count. On second thought, I will, I think, amend the actors' mark, and set down the performance only as among the most dispirited I have seen; in other words, an occasion for sympathy rather than censure. There is no reason why this business of devising escape-entertainment should not be an honorable one. Its point would seem to be to escape into laughter, a salutary exercise at any season. But when there is no laughter; or at best, merely a number of sad scatological sniggers, one can only suspect motives which are shabby and devious. Mr. Nugent's infinitesimal event has been greatly challenged. I think it is to his advantage that no one will remember it. (*At the Playhouse.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Toujours Gai

DETERMINED to give audiences food for song and laughter, the movies pop up with four new musicals. While these can't be said to vibrate with cheer from beginning to end, at least a couple of them are bound to provide moments that will make one forget all cares. Escape-seeking audiences might even find in them the very bluebird for which they're looking.

"Show Business" presents more backstage stuff. Although it has the usual plot involving six people arranged in various patterns as if Puck were on the loose with his drops again, it also has some interesting theatical atmosphere and good song-and-dance acts. As the principals graduate during the 1910's from burlesque to vaudeville and finally to the Follies, they dust off several of the best songs of the period and sing as if they really liked their business. "It Had To Be You" turns out to be the film's theme song; you'll find yourself singing it as you leave the theater just because you enjoyed George Murphy and Constance Moore repeating it again and again. Murphy dances several slick numbers and Miss Moore proves a charming partner, too charming in fact for the wolf Murphy portrays. Eddie Cantor, who sings the old items with his usual verve, teams well with Joan Davis in putting over some lively humor. The film was directed by Edwin L. Marin; he might have skimmed over the story more lightly but he presents an entertaining musical number whenever the plot gets too heavy. Eddie Cantor produced; and since he did such a good job in restraining himself in his own film, one suspects that he should always produce the movies in which he appears. "Dinah," "Making Whoopee" and "I'm Alabamy Bound" are among the old timers revived by this amusing picture.

In case you're particularly intrigued, the "Angels" in *"And the Angels Sing"* refers to the family name of four rather wacky girls played by Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler. They are cared for by Pop Angel (Raymond Walburn) who is about as dilly and impractical as the girls. Parts of this film are very funny indeed, but some of the humor is stretched thin—almost to the boring point. The girls spend most of their time pursuing Fred MacMurray who has done Betty out of $195. Fred portrays an orchestra leader who is a cad; and it's a bit difficult to discover why two of the Angels fall so hard for him. None of the plot makes much sense, but before it has run its upsadaisy course, the Angels give out with some very singable songs —in quartette, duet and solo. The close harmony stuff is rather effective, particularly when sung by such pretty songbirds. I was especially taken by Betty Hutton and her enthusiastic rendering of "Bluebirds" and "The Rocking Horse Ran Away."

The most sprightly of these new musicals is a bit of fluff called *"Two Girls and a Sailor,"* produced by Joe Pasternak and directed by Richard Thorpe. One of its main assets is that the group of young people (June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, Van Johnson and others) who carry the main story are really young and buoyant. Their handsome youth and freshness almost make us forget that the plot (about two sisters who fall in love with an absurdly rich sailor) is rather diaphanous. Another asset that helps us overlook the unbelievable story is the high quality of the acts and entertainment. The sisters themselves carry on with gusto in the usual overblown, Hollywoodian nightclub and are surrounded by various bands and entertainers who know how to make music and pro-

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vide fun. Xavier Cugat and Harry James with their orchestras, singers and dancers make and provide. Lena Horne, usually my favorite in this type of proceedings, doesn't fit too well into the scheme of things with the psychopathic "Paper Doll" songs. But there are a series of madly surrealistic numbers that are tops. Viriginia O'Brien, taking it easy with her wonderful loll and drawl, sings "Take It Easy" to perfection. Gracie Allen, with amazingly sane insanity, plays the piano while Albert Coates conducts a full orchestra in her "Concerto for the Index Finger." And Jimmy Durante is allowed to clown and sing in his inimitable style which the movies seldom use to such good advantage. Much of this entertainment is staged for soldiers and sailors in the film, but you'll get as much pleasure out of it as they do.

"Song of the Open Road" is another musical featuring youngsters. It starts out with a good idea about a poor little rich movie star who has to work so hard on the sound stages that she never has a moment to play with her friends. So she runs away, joins a group of teen-agers who are picking crops, and learns about life in American Youth Hostels. Newcomer Jane Powell shows that she has singing and acting talent in this lead rôle, but unfortunately the vehicle becomes so utterly childish and tiresome that it seems more like the plot of an "Our Gang" short than material for a full-length feature. Edgar Bergen, with Charlie of course, and W. C. Fields are thrown in for good measure, but they are used more as a come-on than as entertainment in the film. If Jane Powell is to hold our interest, she'll have to have better screenplays than this kind of stuff, which Shirley Temple was discarding ten years ago. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

LAND I HAVE CHOSEN. *Ellin Berlin. Doubleday.* $2.50.

THIS IS KATE. *Margaret Hard. Holt.* $2.50.

As Only a Pretty Girl Can

WHO CAN look into the heart of a novelist and state with complete assurance what he is trying to say—particularly in the case of a first novel? Ellin Mackay Berlin's "Land I Have Chosen" can be viewed as a number of things. It might be intended as a biting satire on the summer set of Southampton, Long Island, and what made it tick in the gay late 20's. It could be an attempt to show the affinities between certain of America's rich and powerful and some of the German nazi leaders—the book provides a few striking parallels. Or it might be another way of saying that the day of the democracies and of the common man is on the way, while the hour of the Rightists and racists has struck. But in actuality what it is, far more than any of these things, is a devastating picture of a beautiful young woman who can be adequately described only as a heel in every respect.

Anne Brooke had youth, wealth, family, beauty and the kind of intelligence that is expert at getting around people. Only the narrowness of her prime object in life prevented her from seeing the world and her future in broad enough perspective. Her inordinate fear for her own comfort and security kept her from realizing what was really going on outside her own glittery circle and led to her presumably fatal choice. She was genuinely in love only once. But that idyllic summer at Southampton—when she was 21—came to an abrupt end with the disclosure that Marco, the attractive object of her affections, was not of the Italian nobility after all; it was all a joke on the part of a couple of Harvard boys who had succeeded in palming him off as such on their well-heeled summer acquaintances. The love between Anne and Marco was no joke, however, so her immediate break with the devoted young Italian attorney early reveals Anne in her true light.

For a time she seemed to attain a sort of happiness. She was pretty, she was popular and the man into whose arms she threw herself on the rebound had loved her for many years. He came from a wealthy family, too, and had good business propects, or so it seemed in 1928. There was a long and luxurious honeymoon abroad and the young couple got along together quite well until business and family affairs took a bad turn and Paul began to find her out. As it became clearer and clearer what his wife was really like, he took to drink as his only possible way out.

Anne was pretty, pampered and so intent on her own pleasure and security that never once did she rise to an occasion. She remained strangely unable to envision things in terms of others; her singleness of purpose was overwhelming. She could not bring herself to marry Marco, whom she loved, because of his humble origin; after the Wall Street crash, she could not bear to have her husband in the menial position of a clerk in a store. She finally had one child, but otherwise refused motherhood so that she could keep her slender figure. After eight years of married life she appraised herself as being as desirable as ever. After her divorce she looked the field over coolly and decided that a certain German nazi Count was her best bet. That she was taking him away from his wife gave only a somewhat added piquancy to what she was after. Anne was pretty and knew how to make the most of her charms so that she had little trouble grabbing hold of Hitler's then rising star and the title of Countess. She was pretty and just too smart at getting what she knew she wanted.

The other figures in Mrs. Berlin's canvas are rather flat and pallid. Phil, the society columnist, who goes off to report the Spanish Civil War, meets Anne periodically throughout the story for the sole purpose of showing her how contemptible she is. Lisa, the beautiful German actress of Jewish grandparentage, merely suffers. Like Anne's husband, Paul. Polly, their little girl, never comes to life at all. The story develops almost entirely by means of dialogue, a variety of polite conversations that sound natural enough. The author's feeling throughout is highly political, humanitarian, Christian. Her language is dignified and restrained. "Land I Have Chosen" despite certain artistic deficiencies manifests fine sensibility.

English and French and Tears

ESSENTIALLY "This Is Kate" is a story for demure little girls to listen to of an evening before an open fireplace. They must have the right-heartedness of all admirably well brought up little children. They should be about Kate's age—twelve to thirteen—though she is eight when the book opens. Unfortunately there are very few such little girls left in our world, so one fears that

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the book will principally find its admirers among those who were once such little girls, about forty years ago, but whose daughters have lost the art of bringing up children in this excellent fashion. Most little girls today would not know what Mrs. Hard is talking about nor would they think it made sense if they did know.

"This Is Kate" is the story of a small Protestant girl who is first put to board at a convent in Canada, and then when she grows old enough pursues her studies at this same convent. Naturally no thought of plot in the modern sense of the word can come out of such a pattern. It must be a succession of incidents, and this is what the book consists of. For the period about which it is written—presumably late in the 90's—it seems to possess a great deal of verisimilitude and consequently has a great deal of charm. The little girl does all sorts of naughty things, some of them based on her misunderstanding of Catholic life, some based purely on her high spirits. She meets interesting people in the course of a holiday in Ottawa and even in the convent itself, where on one memorable occasion she acts as hostess to Ellen Terry. The whole book reads very smoothly, and its formula obviously gives the author plenty of scope for quiet amusement.

If this were all to be said about this pleasant and rather innocuous novel it scarcely deserved even this much space. But it happens to be written by someone who is not herself a Catholic; unfortunately it is marred by all kinds of strange lapses and unfaithfulnesses to truth which deserve to be pointed out. This is unfortunate, and could easily have been remedied by the publishers, for "This Is Kate" would have been a better book and a more charming book had it, before publication, been carefully read by someone intimately acquainted with the background with which the author deals. Its principal moral, which is that a rightly-instructed heart has reasons to put reason itself to shame, is excellent and comes well in our generation, when the right instruction of the heart is so largely forgotten.

The blemishes divide themselves equally between a certain freakishness in describing Catholic practices and a certain naiveté in dealing with the Canadian background. First of all we are to suppose that in the convent where Kate is placed—a convent ostentatiously called *Le Couvent du Sacre-Coeur*—English and French are completely interchangeable as languages, and the religious and pupils are about equally divided between the two peoples. One cannot say that no such convent ever existed, but, as Aristotle pointed out once for all—the probable is more to be respected than the possible in fiction. Then again we are told of the existence of a hospital called "L'Hôpital de la Mère-Sacrée." Maybe such an institution likewise has existed, but one must have one's doubts.

As far as Catholic practice is concerned, Mrs. Hard—and her publishers—are guilty of even worse blunders. First of all she would have us believe that a conference of the community took place before her little Protestant heroine could be admitted. Certainly the normal thing would be for the Mother Superior to decide this matter by herself. Secondly we are told of an occasion in which a priest refuses to come to baptize a baby because the child's father would not call the priest when the mother was dying in childbirth. First of all, no priest would make such a refusal if asked by the other members of the family, nor would the other Catholic members of the family not have realized that they could have baptized the child themselves. In another instance we are given to understand that the priest oversees the saying of pen-

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PAUL OF TARSUS is not a verse-by-verse commentary on St. Paul's epistles. It is the story of the Apostle's life in the setting of his time and place. We are given, with a wealth of detail, a vivid account of the circumstances surrounding the events of his career. Tarsus is not a mere name or a dot on a map, but a pagan city with a certain atmosphere and definite practices. St. Paul's journeys are described with colorful details of the countries through which he traveled.

Throughout the Apostle's life, after his conversion, the Jews are seen as relentless foes. And the Judaizing party among the Christians of Palestine show how internal difficulties beset the Church even in her infancy. St. Paul's career was not along a path of roses. In this biography he appears as a dauntless champion of Christian liberty.

Every student of Scripture will derive pleasure and profit from the account of various circumstances that led to the writing of the different epistles. Each of them was prompted by the need of clarifying some misunderstood doctrine or of correcting some abuse or of fortifying the faith, and so on.

In PAUL OF TARSUS the great Apostle of the Gentiles is, indeed, a hero, but a hero of flesh and blood, who feels the need of human companionship, who loves his spiritual children intensely, who suffers on their account, who stoutly defends his apostolic authority. In a way never experienced before, the reader will feel his blood grow warm with an intimate friendship for this great apostle and martyr.

Selection, Spiritual Book Associates for June, 1944

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ances after confessions in the confessional—something certainly very strange. And finally, one of the important episodes in the whole story is the ancient one of a beautiful young girl thrown into the convent because of her parents' disapproval of her love for an unsuitable young man. It is too bad that these things should have been allowed to remain in "This Is Kate." They could have been so easily eliminated, and then we should have had a book to recommend for the reading of what well brought up children remain in our generation. Not a large market even at that, one fears.

More Books of the Week

The Spending Power: A History of the Efforts of Congress to Control Expenditures. Lucius Wilmerding, Jr. Yale. $3.75.

MR. WILMERDING, who is making himself an authority on the history and practices of federal appropriations and the auditing thereof, offers in this compact volume a basic, scholarly study of how Congress has spent money within its exclusive constitutional power from Washington to President Roosevelt. The practical problem attacked in this study and for the federal government's ultimate solution may be stated: "How can Congress make real as well as nominal its right to control the expenditure of the country?" Mr. Wilmerding offers no solution, avoids arguments, and writes objectively, for he follows herein the historical approach and allows his innumerable quotations from congressional records, documents, and speeches and from administrative reports to speak for themselves in his chronological sketch of the scheme of appropriations from the days of Hamilton. This is not popular reading, but the book may well be perused by legislative and administrative officers.

There are few if any absolutes in constitutional law and protections. Above devices by which a democratic people would protect themselves, there is the higher law of the safety of the people or of the land. This fourteenth century parliamentarians realized when they fought to control the public purse, to pass specific appropriations, and to audit moneys spent. This the Federalists realized, and Jefferson, despite the watchfulness of Gallatin, could warn against losing "our country by a scrupulous adherence to the written law." After all he did buy Louisiana, and, after the English attack on the Chesapeake, he ordered naval purchases ahead of *ex post facto* sanctions. Good Republicans worriedly passed an act (1809) which prohibited the shifting of funds from one department to another—usually for convenience rather than at the command of an emergency. Lincoln per force spent unappropriated money before his first Congress met and at times thereafter, as did Grant after the *Virginius* affair. Even cautious Coolidge permitted irregular advances to storm-stricken Florida.

Unauthorized expenditures by high officials in emergency is generally taken for granted. How about administrative convenience? There follows through our history the matter of specific, over against gross, appropriations with an assurance that too insignificant appropriations may be as dangerous as too general. Departments learned to get around restriction by forcing on Congress deficiency appropriations which can and have been abused. In 1870 Congress protected itself against unexpended departmental balances. Again, though it bred extravagances, Congress weakened the Ways and Means and Appropriations Committees by a dispersal of annual appropriations to different committees. Not until the passage of the Budget Act under President Harding was this corrected. And then it must be remembered that appropriations must be arranged for months and even years before incurred expenditures.

The two World Wars naturally upset the old scheme of appropriations, but probably no more than did the depression era with its huge revolving funds, enormous loans and allocations, unrestricted appropriations in gross, and billions expendable at presidential discretion. Those were the days of democratic majorities when all some Congressmen needed to know was to say yes in English. At the moment, despite fears, much popular protection is to be found in renegotiable contracts, sharp publicity, and the activity of the Comptroller General and the General Accounting Office.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

The Dove Flies South. J. A. Hyland. Bruce. $2.75.

THE TITLE of this book, I take it, indicates that peace will come to our South when the author's plan is accepted. For the author has a plan to dissolve the tensions that inform race relations in the South. Into the making of his novel goes more confidence than art, more mysticism than technique, and more certainty than sense.

I want to make it clear at the outset that I am unconvinced by it. I admit that my lack of conviction may indicate a lack of mystic faith. But if you feel that Dickens's "Christmas Carol" touches life, you will be impressed by this book.

I put it this way because this is less a novel than a program; less a novel than a mystic incantation. Somehow it reminds one, say, of the "Pickwick Papers," not only because the last chapters draw together all the people in a welter of sentimental happiness, but because in a kind of inverse fashion all the people go off to Australia.

The Australia, in this case, is a collection of land units on which *segregated* Negroes work out their own economic satisfactions. How this land is to be acquired—save in one instance—is only obliquely hinted. In the one instance the land is given by a plantation owner who has "got religion." That all of the Negroes desire to be farmers is assumed, in spite of much evidence to the contrary.

To reach this Canaan the most amazing experiences are known and felt. George Woodward, who is possessed in an extreme fashion by all the ideas about Negroes normal to Southerners, is offered a cure. By a process of pigmentation, allegedly scientific, he is changed into a black man. The theory is that by being black, and compelled to submit to all the degradations Negroes suffer he will learn to be good—*because he has seen the Negro from the inside.*

I should point out that once George becomes black, both his experiences and his reactions are furnished with the utmost validity. A scene at a Negro bar is written so perfectly that it deserves separate publication as a story or vignette.

Having said this, however, I am compelled to add that what we have is a fairy tale which we are asked to take seriously. Not the least of the remarkable things about this book is that a Catholic author, implicitly pleading for justice based on ethics and morality, sees strangely fit to make his Catholic priest just and good, but his Protestant minister a hypocrite and a scoundrel.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

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Heaven Below. H. E. Clayton. Prentice-Hall. $2.75.

HANGCHOW the Beautiful is the "Heaven Below" of Chinese poets. The Reverend H. E. Clayton, Baptist missionary, lived there since 1912, during the Chinese Revolution and its aftermath, into the Japanese occupation. American missionaries are well known in China, and normally have been liked and trusted. "American" in that connection bears the connotation of "Protestant." Colloquially, they are "Christian missionaries." American Catholic missionaries are a new phenomenon and still somewhat puzzling to the native, for heretofore "Catholic" was always "French," therefore European. The American missionary old style was, of course, primarily a Christian apostle, but also a forerunner of Americanism, the most innocuous of foreign-devil tendencies; an exemplar of those things the Chinese preferred in their dealings with Western peoples, or disliked least. A great part of his work was medical. He dealt with epidemic disease, endemic plagues and famine relief; and protection, as far as possible, against official corruption and extortion, native—or latterly—Japanese. His influence was great, not only as a Christian, but as a white man, as of the "master race." An outstanding feature of his influence was his exemplary family life. His adaptation of American (and English) preparatory and public school life to Chinese needs has been valuable. A combination of "the American missionary, both Protestant and Catholic through Maryknoll is a very sound basis for post-war construction." Mr. Clayton is an excellent example of what he is and what he does. His story of life before and during the Japanese occupation is that of a courageous Christian. It is well told. It is an honorable record. It is timely and enlightening, at this moment when we Americans are allowing the Chinese to be eliminated from the Big Four, instead of strengthening them with all our power.

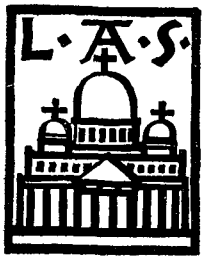
WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

A Farm in Ireland. Clarence Duffy. Christian Press (Catholic Workers). $.35.

THIS EIGHTY-PAGE pamphlet recounts a number of somewhat related topics with considerable charm. The story of a boyhood on a fifteen-acre Irish farm brings out the sound methods by which the author's parents made a good living on so small a plot of land; in this sketchy story flowering hedges and ditches, which catch the topsoil which would otherwise have been washed away, play an important rôle. Then there is an inspiring account of Father Duffy's rural parish and what he did to develop among his people sound economic, recreational and cultural (not to mention religious) ways. Finally there are some conciliatory remarks about Irish politics. It is too bad that much of the material is so condensed, for the pamphlet constitutes primarily a series of hints for those who already know how.

Middle America. Charles Morrow Wilson. Norton. $3.50.

A WEALTH of factual data on Central America and the islands of the Caribbean by a good journalist who knows whereof he speaks. His emphasis is economic, and therefore primarily on the agrarian problems of these increasingly important southern neighbors. The volume is replete with good half-tones and significant facts and figures. It is better as a reference book than for cover to cover reading.



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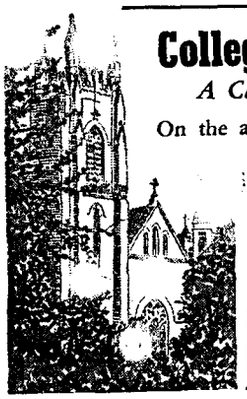

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The Inner Forum

"Better Men for Better Times"

THE COMMISSION on American Citizenship of the Catholic University of America was established by the American bishops five years ago in order to reaffirm the Church's tradition in this country of unswerving allegiance to free American institutions; one of its chief tasks has been to build up an educational plan which would deepen and extend Christian principles of social living. In order to accomplish this the Commission, which is headed by Bishop Francis J. Haas of Grand Rapids, has brought out the "Faith and Freedom Series" of readers for Catholic elementary schools. The late Monsignor George Johnson collaborated with Bishop Haas in drawing up an elementary school curriculum that would also foster these ideas. The third member of the Commision is Monsignor Patrick J. McCormick, Rector of the Catholic University.

These three men also collaborated—with the assistance of Dr. Robert J. Slavin, O.P., of the University's philosophy department—on a volume "Better Men for Better Times." (Catholic University, Washington, D. C.) In the space of 125 pages are set forth the underlying philosophy of the whole citizenship program. In the foreword it is made abundantly clear that because of his respect for human personality, "the Catholic is necessarily the champion of true human rights and the defender of true human liberties . . ."

In the chapter entitled "Society and Citizenship," Catholics are urged to "participate wholeheartedly in community action. We owe it to our country, and we owe it to God." While this section points out that it is necessary to fight against secularistic forces when they threaten the home, education and religious freedom, "we must be on our guard against degenerating into just another pressure group intent only on its own purposes and intensifying division in our already too much divided national life." In other words, Catholics "have the obligation of working with men and women of good will toward the making of a better world."

In the chapter "The Fullness of Human Stature," there is reference to such factors as the advance of science and art, learning and the spread of culture, better methods of distribution, government and jurisprudence. "What matters is the effect of all these things on the farmer tilling his field, on the mechanic working on the assembly line, on the humble housewife busy and troubled about the many things that are involved in home making, on the sufferer tossing in pain on a sick-bed, on the child at play and quite unconcerned about the problems of the world. For of all things under the sun, the most important, the most sacred is the individual, human personality." A basic conclusion from all this is the emphasis that must be placed on overcoming malnutrition and bad housing, illness and disease, unemployment and lack of security, unjust wages and working conditions, racial and religious discrimination and irreligion.

This study devotes considerable space to a consideration of conditions in the American home. It deals with the decline of the home as a formative influence and the re-

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sultant increase in importance of the school. The Commission's analysis at this point is much in line with that of American observers who contend that the home has become more and more only a place to eat and sleep. They agree with those social scientists who perceive that one of the evil effects of the decline of the home is to make the community ripe for some form of totalitarianism. The school can help in the rehabilitation of the home but the primary responsibility is that of the family itself. "The attitude of the young toward health, toward work, toward recreation, toward culture, and toward morals is in large measure the by-product of normal daily activities in the home environment. It is not so much by means of direct instruction as by personal influence and example and the give and take of domestic routine that the family educates. Its atmosphere conditions the thinking, feeling and acting of its members."

But "Better Men for Better Times" extends its analysis far beyond that of the individual and the family. It deals with such vast subjects as the economic organization of society, the Mystical Body of Christ and the function of the State. In the latter case this program calls for social reforms achieved not under compulsion but through the voluntary cooperation of the democratic process. In discussing the relations between Church and State it calls for government support of certain essential religious activities—and in the State's own interest. For citizens who are inspired by strong religious convictions make the best citizens, and the contrary also holds true. In practical terms this would seem to come down to the appropriation of government funds toward the support of parochial and similar schools.

The Catholic school, as the Commission views it, not only instructs children in the matter of their duties toward God but also as to their obligations to their fellow men. "The curriculum of the school should make provision for preparation for healthy family life, for fruitful living in the neighborhood, the community, the economic group, and in the nation, and for the development of an adequate understanding of international relationships. Thus a conscience will be formed for the welfare of humanity." Here are the goals of Christian education in an American democratic society: physical fitness, economic literacy, social virtue, cultural development and moral perfection.

Christ must be the center of all endeavors for national progress and world peace. The mission of Catholics "is to make the power of the supernatural felt . . . in whatever we are doing. . . . It is our duty, not only our religious duty but our patriotic duty, to translate our education into a quality of living worthy of the vocations into which we may be called . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

Hilde FITZGERALD is a member of the staff of "Political and Economic Planning," a group in London devoted to research in economics.

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Next Week

MEXICO AND THE WAR, a first-hand impression by Harry Sylvester. Observations on a recent trip supply the basis for this lively report on present-day Mexican conditions. Mr. Sylvester's readable comments also carry on the discussion inaugurated by The Commonweal's recent article on Sinarquism. And they touch on such matters as inflation, feeling toward the United States, the food situation, politics, education and the wealthy foreign set of Mexico City.

THE FUGITIVES by Oliver W. Evans is a study of a literary movement — started at Vanderbilt University — which created quite a splash in our American South. It deals with such figures as John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren. It takes up their literary origins and the influence of Oxford and T. S. Eliot. It deals with their agrarianism and their social criticism as well as their poetry and their literary ideas. As a former member of the English Department at Vanderbilt, Private Evans is in a fine position to describe the men and their movement from within.

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